

SCENE 1.

[IT'S ANOTHER FINE DAY AT WHIT'S END. WHIT AND CONNIE ARE BEHIND THE COUNTER. WHIT IS CLEANING OUT THE ICE CREAM FREEZER, CONNIE IS HOLDING A GARBAGE BAG.]

WHIT:

Connie, will you hold that garbage bag open for me, please?

CONNIE:

Sure thing. What're you doing?

WHIT:

(BEGINS PULLING OLD CARTONS OUT OF THE FREEZER) I just want to get rid of some of these old ice cream cartons. (BEAT) They're sticky and they're starting to make a mess around the freezer.

[HE PULLS THE CARTONS OUT AND DROPS THEM INTO THE BAG AS THEY SPEAK. CONNIE IS DISTRACTED (SHE'S WATCHING FOR EUGENE).]

WHIT:

I may need to come up with some other kind of container. Our scoops are digging holes in the sides and bottoms. (BEAT) Connie? Hold the bag open please.

CONNIE:

Oh. Sorry.

WHIT:

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Have fun!

What's wrong? Are you waiting for
someone?

CONNIE:

I was just watching for Eugene.
He's late.

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Have fun!

WHIT:

Late? He's upstairs.

CONNIE:

I mean: late to leave.

WHIT:

I don't get it.

CONNIE:

Around ten 'til four he comes racing through and says (IMITATING EUGENE) "If my assistance isn't needed for anything else, I'll be saying good day." And then he takes off for the college.

WHIT:

So? You know he has evening classes.

CONNIE:

He's not racing out of here for evening classes, Whit.

WHIT:

Isn't he?

CONNIE:

No. He's going to the college

library because a certain person
finishes work there at four o'clock.

WHIT:

I assume you're talking about
Katrina Shanks.

CONNIE:

Bingo.

WHIT:

I was under the impression that
they're just friends.

CONNIE:

That's the impression Eugene wants
you to have. He's smitten.

WHIT:

Smitten?

CONNIE:

Smitten. You can see it in that
glazed expression of his. He likes
her.

WHIT:

(CHUCKLES) Oh, Connie.

CONNIE:

You watch, he'll come dashing

through and -- (BEAT) Wait. Here he comes.

[SURE ENOUGH, EUGENE IS HURRIEDLY HEADED FOR THE FRONT DOOR. HE STOPS AT THE COUNTER.]

EUGENE:
(CLEARS THROAT) If my assistance isn't needed for anything else, I'll be saying good day to you both.

WHIT:

(SMILING) Okay, Eugene.

CONNIE:

(COY) Whereya goin', Eugene?

EUGENE:

To the college, of course.

CONNIE:

Classes, huh?

EUGENE:

Eventually.

CONNIE:

Tell her I said hello.

EUGENE:

I beg your pardon.

CONNIE:

Katrina. Tell her hello for me.

EUGENE:

(EMBARRASSED CHUCKLE) If I run into her, I certainly will express your greetings.

CONNIE:

Ha -- *if* you run into her.

EUGENE:

Ms. Kendall, I detect a certain adolescent subtext to this conversation which-- had I the time -- might be worth clarifying. However, suffice it to say: 'Trina and I are just friends.

CONNIE:

(TEASING) '*Trina*, huh?

EUGENE:

Yes. Now, as I was saying: Good day
to you both.

[HE GOES.]

WHIT:

Bye, Eugene.

CONNIE:

Bye. (BEAT) See what I mean?

WHIT:

No. He said they're only friends.
Why shouldn't I believe him?

CONNIE:

Oh, Whit. You're such a typical
man. It's obvious there's something
going on.

WHIT:

(SKEPTICALLY) Uh huh.

[MUSIC TAKES US TO...]

[FIRST COMMERCIAL BREAK]

SCENE 2.

[A SMALL CAFE AT THE COLLEGE. EUGENE AND KATRINA ARE AT A TABLE IN
THE CORNER TALKING WITH GREAT ANIMATION.]

KATRINA:

... and then he pointed out that the first motorway wasn't built in England until as late as 1958 which, of course, had an enormous agricultural impact on the areas around London, accessibility, etc. And it's my personal theory that the emergence of the motorway was a significant step in moving Britain from its postwar backwardness into the modern era -- namely the sixties.

EUGENE:

Was it postwar backwardness or merely the effects of the depletion of their natural resources due to the war?

KATRINA:

I believe the one lead to the other.

EUGENE:

Hm. Fascinating. You deduced all this because of a one-line point of trivia in the newspaper?

KATRINA:

Well, it was one of those "On This Day In History" kinds of things. I've been rambling, haven't I?

EUGENE:

Not at all.

KATRINA:

I have been. I'm sorry.

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EUGENE:

Don't apologize, 'Trina. Our daily visits contain the most stimulating conversations I have anywhere -- period and full stop. And it's a pleasure to speak with someone as ... (AT A LOSS) ... as ...

KATRINA:

Eugene, are you blushing?

EUGENE:

(STAMMERING) Am I? No -- it's merely the heat in this cafe. It is always inappropriately set. A computerized thermostat would do wonders.

KATRINA:

I thought it was quite cool in here.

EUGENE:

Yes, well -- my metabolism may be operating at a -- oh, never mind.

KATRINA:

You're cute, Eugene.

EUGENE:

Cute?

KATRINA:

Yes. But I have to leave now.

EUGENE:

(THROWN OFF) You have to leave?

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KATRINA:

Yes. I have a five o'clock engagement and I don't like to keep him waiting.

EUGENE:

(CLEARLY DISAPPOINTED) Oh. Yes. Well, don't allow me to detain you.

KATRINA:

(GETTING UP TO GO) Oh -- and maybe you better not meet me at the library when I get off anymore. I enjoy this time with you, but it makes me late. Okay?

EUGENE:

Whatever is most convenient for you.

KATRINA:

Thank you. I'll see you around.

EUGENE:

Yes. I'm certain we'll ... uh, bump into one another again.

KATRINA:

(OFF) Goodbye.

EUGENE:

Farewell! (TO HIMSELF) She doesn't
want to keep *him* waiting?

[MUSIC TAKES US TO ...]

SCENE 3.

[WHIT'S END, THE BIBLE ROOM SPECIFICALLY. THE NEXT DAY. EUGENE IS
WORKING ON ONE OF THE DISPLAYS, HAMMERING AWAY AT A COMPUTER
KEYBOARD. HE IS MAKING TENSE NOISES.]

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EUGENE:

(SOFTLY) Now -- that should correct your programming errors, my little display. Demonstrate for me what you can do. (HE HITS A KEY WITH FINALITY AND THE COMPUTER BEEPS AT HIM ANGRILY, EUGENE REACTS WITH AGITATION) No! Don't tell me you cannot compute! I've double-checked everything! (GROANS)

[CONNIE APPROACHES.]

CONNIE:

Eugene?

EUGENE:

Please, Ms. Kendall, I am in the midst of a crisis.

CONNIE:

Yeah, I thought you were being a bit irritable today.

EUGENE:

I meant with this computer program. The lights inside this Tower of Babel display are supposed to run concurrently.

CONNIE:

Oh. I figured something else was

wrong. Even Whit noticed.

EUGENE:

Mr. Whittaker said something?

CONNIE:

Well, sort of. I said, "Don't you think Eugene is being awfully funny today?" and he said, "Oh, I suppose so."

EUGENE:

Funny, Ms. Kendall. What, pray tell, do you mean by funny?

CONNIE:

Unusual. Quiet ... irritable ... like something happened.

EUGENE:

For example?

CONNIE:

Oh, your class didn't go well last night or you didn't sleep very well or ... something went wrong with Katrina when you saw her yesterday afternoon?

EUGENE:

Now, Ms. Kendall --

CONNIE:

I know, I know -- just friends. But I don't mind telling you that I don't believe a word of it. I know

about these things, Eugene. You
like her more than as a friend and
denying it won't change my mind.

EUGENE:

Of course. Don't allow the facts to
get in the way of your opinion.

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CONNIE:

Ho, ho. You're going to deny it?
(BEAT) Well?

EUGENE:

I'd prefer that we didn't have this
conversation.

CONNIE:

Aha! That's as good as admitting
you like her. So I'm probably right
about the rest of it. You met her
yesterday afternoon and something
went wrong.

EUGENE:

I'd still prefer that we didn't have
this conversation.

CONNIE:

As good as another admission. Now
we're getting somewhere. Y'know,
Eugene, your problem is that you
don't make very good use of your
available resources.

EUGENE:

What available resources?

CONNIE:

Me.

EUGENE:

Uh --

CONNIE:

You're a boy -- which naturally means that you don't know the first thing about girls. I'm a girl -- which --

EUGENE:

Naturally means that you know everything there is to know about boys *and* girls.

CONNIE:

Right. So here we are -- we've been working together for a long time and now you like a girl but things aren't going very well and who better to help you than me?

EUGENE:

I see. And if, theoretically, you are correct about any or all aspects of this discussion, what would you advise me to do?

CONNIE:

My advice is that we go somewhere private -- like Whit's office -- and you tell me what the problem is.

[A BRIEF MUSIC BRIDGE TAKES US TO ...]

SCENE 4.

[A FEW MOMENTS LATER. WHIT'S OFFICE.]

CONNIE:

Okay, lemme get this straight: you
like her but you're not sure she
likes you the same way?

EUGENE:

Correct.

CONNIE:

And now you suspect that she likes
someone else?

EUGENE:

Her request that we no longer meet
so she can meet some other young man
is a strong indicator, I would
think.

CONNIE:

Yeah. Okay. In that case, I think
you should get her a gift.

EUGENE:

A gift.

CONNIE:

Sure! Something she'll appreciate.
Girls love gifts from admirers.

EUGENE:

(MUSING) A gift.

CONNIE:

Yep.

EUGENE:

If, in your experience as a female,
you think a gift would be
appropriate, then I defer to your
judgment. I will find something
she'll appreciate.

CONNIE:

Good idea. But -- wait a minute --
we better not leave anything to
chance. How will you give it to
her?

EUGENE:

What do you mean?

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CONNIE:

Tell me how you'll give her the gift.

EUGENE:

I suppose I'll simply hand it to her and say, "This is for you."

CONNIE:

No, no, no. A girl doesn't want a package shoved in her face and told it's for her.

EUGENE:

I would hardly shove it --

CONNIE:

You need to warm up to it. You need to preface it with something sweet and romantic.

EUGENE:

Sweet and romantic?

CONNIE:

Practice on me. Pretend like I'm Katrina and you're giving me the gift.

EUGENE:

If you insist. (CLEARS THROAT
NERVOUSLY) "I believe it goes
without saying that I have enjoyed
our meetings -- "

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CONNIE:

Stop right there. Goes without saying? Enjoyed our meetings? Eugene, I said to be sweet and romantic, not submit a budget to your department head. Try, "I've been thinking all day about you. In fact, I've been trying to come up with the words to share how I feel, but they don't exist. All I know is that my heart beats faster when I think about seeing you and ... I have something to give you, as a token of my deep affection."

EUGENE:

You jest.

CONNIE:

She'll melt. Try it.

EUGENE:

I admit to feeling slightly embarrassed by this.

CONNIE:

Go on.

EUGENE:

(CLEARS THROAT AGAIN) I've been ... thinking about you the entire day -- nay, even through the night.

CONNIE:

Nice touch.

[WHIT COMES TO THE DOOR, BUT ISN'T SEEN BY CONNIE OR EUGENE.]

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EUGENE:

My mind is racing with the words to articulate how I feel. Alas, they do not exist. All I know is that my heart beats faster when I think about seeing you and ... please, accept this gift as an unworthy token of my deep affection.

CONNIE:

Thank you, Eugene!

WHIT:

(CLEARS THROAT TO GET THEIR
ATTENTION) Excuse me ...

[THE FOLLOWING REEKS WITH AWKWARDNESS.]

CONNIE:

Whit!

EUGENE:

Mr. Whittaker! How long have you been standing there?

WHIT:

I'm sorry -- the door was open and--

EUGENE:

Don't apologize --

CONNIE:

We just needed your office for a
minute to -- uh -- talk.

WHIT:

So I see. I needed a book, that's
all. I didn't mean to interrupt.

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EUGENE:

No interruption --

CONNIE:

Really, it's just that we were --

WHIT:

You don't have to explain.

EUGENE:

(GOING) Perhaps we should resume our work.

CONNIE:

(GOING) Yeah, right. You can have your office back.

WHIT:

Really, I don't need to -- (THEY'RE GONE) -- uh -- just a book, that's all -- (THOUGHTFULLY) Hm. Right under my nose and I didn't realize. But what about Katrina?

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO ...]

SCENE 5.

[OUTSIDE OF THE LIBRARY AT THE COLLEGE. KATRINA IS COMING DOWN THE STAIRS. EUGENE INTERCEPTS HER.]

EUGENE:

Katrina?

KATRINA:

(HURRIED) Eugene! What are you
doing here?

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EUGENE:

(NERVOUSLY) I just happened to be walking past and -- well, actually that isn't entirely true. I just happened to be walking past because I wanted to --

KATRINA:

I'm sorry, Eugene, but I really have to go.

EUGENE:

Of course, but ... (CLEARS THROAT)
You see, I've been thinking and -- no, wait -- you see, all day and all night I've been -- er --

KATRINA:

Can we walk while we talk?

[THEY WALK QUICKLY AS EUGENE TRIES TO CONTINUE.]

EUGENE:

Yes. Why not? My mind is racing, you see, and alas, they do not exist.

KATRINA:

What doesn't exist?

EUGENE:

My mind. I mean, the words.

KATRINA:

What words?

EUGENE:

The words that I'm trying to say.

KATRINA:

Eugene, please, I have to go.

EUGENE:

Right. Well ... (VERY QUICKLY AND
CONFUSED) Please accept this token
which you're unworthy of. (HANDS
HER THE GIFT)

KATRINA:

Huh?

EUGENE:

This is for you. (LOW) That's what
I wanted to say in the first place.

KATRINA:

Oh! Well, thank you, Eugene. You
shouldn't have. Do you want me to
open it now?

EUGENE:

If you wish.

KATRINA:

I'm late, but ... (RIPS THE GIFT
OPEN) Oh, how nice. A replica copy
of Emerson's "Essays".

EUGENE:

The second series.

KATRINA:

That's kind of you, Eugene.

EUGENE:

I thought you would appreciate it,
more than anyone I know.

KATRINA:

I do. But you'll have to forgive me
--

EUGENE:

You have to go.

KATRINA:

Right. I don't like to keep him
waiting.

EUGENE:

So you've said. I only wish I
understood who it is you don't like
to keep waiting.

KATRINA:

Darren. You don't know him. But --
(GOING OFF) thank you for the gift.
Bye, Eugene ...

EUGENE:

Farewell! Give my best to -- (LOW,
EVEN ANNOYED) *Darren*.

[QUICK MUSIC STING TO:]

SCENE 6.

[WHIT'S END. LATER. CONNIE IS REACTING.]

CONNIE:

Darren?

EUGENE:

Yes, Darren. And then she rushed
off to meet him.

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CONNIE:

Well no wonder! I'd rush off to meet another man, too, if the most romantic thing you could give me was a textbook.

EUGENE:

It wasn't a textbook. It was a collection of essays!

CONNIE:

Terrific.

EUGENE:

Emerson's essays!

CONNIE:

Makes all the difference. Eugene, this doesn't make sense. She knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that you like her as more than a friend but she --

EUGENE:

Uh --

CONNIE:

What? Why are you looking at me like that?

EUGENE:

A small detail, but I wouldn't say
that she knows beyond a shadow of a
doubt.

CONNIE:

Why wouldn't she? You told her,
right?

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Have fun!

EUGENE:

No.

CONNIE:

You haven't? You mean you've never
actually *said* you like her?

EUGENE:

Not in so many words.

CONNIE:

Why not?

EUGENE:

She never asked.

CONNIE:

(GROWLS) I don't believe it.

EUGENE:

Naturally, I assumed that my
attentiveness would communicate a
certain level of feeling.

CONNIE:

Eugene, your actions communicate
only that you're a walking
encyclopedia. No more and no less.

EUGENE:

Thank you.

CONNIE:

Good grief. I assumed that you two
were at least out of the gate --

EUGENE:

Not exactly.

CONNIE:

(EXASPERATED) All right. We start
from square one.

EUGENE:

You're mixing your metaphors.

CONNIE:

I don't care! You have to tell her,
Eugene. And this time give her
something special -- raise your
sights beyond textbooks!

EUGENE:

A fully equipped pocket calculator?

CONNIE:

No! Girls like sentimentality.
Candy and flowers. (BEAT) That's
it. Candy and flowers. There's no
way Katrina could misunderstand if
you give her something as romantic

as candy and flowers.

EUGENE:

All right. Candy and flowers it is.

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO ...]

SCENE 7.

[EUGENE IS AT KATRINA'S DOOR. HE RINGS THE SMALL DOORBELL ON THE DOOR. HE HUMS A TUNE NERVOUSLY TO HIMSELF. WE HEAR THE LOCK CLICK ON THE DOOR. EUGENE STOPS HUMMING. KATRINA OPENS THE DOOR, SHE SPEAKS AS IF SHE JUST WOKE UP.]

EUGENE:

Good morning, 'Trina!

KATRINA:

Eugene? Is something wrong?

EUGENE:

Not at all. It is a beautiful
Saturday morning and --

KATRINA:

What time is it?

EUGENE:

Seven a.m.

KATRINA:

My only morning to sleep in ...

EUGENE:

Worth the early wakeup call, I hope,
since I brought you these -- (HE
THRUST THE FLOWERS INTO HER ARMS).

KATRINA:

Oh -- flowers -- *carnations* -- well
--

EUGENE:

And this box of candy. (THRUSTS
INTO HER HANDS)

KATRINA:

Thank you, Eugene.

EUGENE:

May I come in?

KATRINA:

Um -- it isn't a good time -- my room's a mess and my room mate is still sleeping. She works the night shift at the diner.

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EUGENE:

I see. Perhaps we might go out for breakfast.

KATRINA:

Well, you can see I'm still in my robe and -- (SHE SUDDENLY SNEEZES).

EUGENE:

Bless you.

KATRINA:

Oh no ...

EUGENE:

Something wrong?

KATRINA:

I'm allergic to carnations. (SHE SNEEZES AGAIN)

EUGENE:

It isn't possible.

KATRINA:

It is. I'm sorry. Please take them back. (HANDS THEM BACK, MOANS) Oh-- I'm breaking out in hives.

EUGENE:

I'm sorry, Katrina. I only wanted
to do this to let you know that I --
I've appreciated our friendship and
--

KATRINA:

(SNEEZES AGAIN)

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EUGENE:

It had occurred to me that perhaps
we might --

KATRINA:

(SNEEZES AGAIN) I'm sorry, Eugene.
I better go inside and take my
allergy medicine.

EUGENE:

But --

KATRINA:

You better take the candy back, too.

EUGENE:

You're not allergic to candy as
well, are you?

KATRINA:

No, but I -- (SNEEZES AGAIN) -- I
don't eat it because of the high
sugar content. I'm sorry. (SNEEZES
AGAIN)

EUGENE:

Go back inside, Katrina.

KATRINA:

Yes ... Goodbye.

[SHE CLOSES THE DOOR.]

EUGENE:

And ... I'm sorry for bothering you.
(DEEP SIGH OF DEFEAT)

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO ...]

[SECOND BREAK]

SCENE 8.

[WHIT'S END. LATER. CONNIE IS BEHIND THE COUNTER. THE BELL ABOVE THE DOOR JINGLES AS EUGENE ENTERS.]

CONNIE:

Eugene. What're you doing here? I
thought you were off today.

EUGENE:

More than you know, Ms. Kendall.
It's over.

CONNIE:

What's wrong? Oh! The flowers and
candy! You must be on your way to
see Katrina.

EUGENE:

I have been already and, alas, found
myself duly rejected.

CONNIE:

Rejected! Wait a minute, it's still

early. *When* did you go see her?

EUGENE:

Earlier this morning. Timing was
never one of my strong attributes,
you see.

CONNIE:

What *time* this morning?

EUGENE:

Seven a.m.

CONNIE:

Eugene!

EUGENE:

I was so excited, I couldn't wait.

CONNIE:

What did she say?

EUGENE:

In between sneezing fits, not very much.

CONNIE:

Sneezing fits.

EUGENE:

She is allergic to carnations.

CONNIE:

Oh no. And the candy?

EUGENE:

Too high in sugar content.

CONNIE:

Oh, Eugene. I'm sorry.

EUGENE:

No doubt *Darren* will be far more astute at winning her over than I have been. He would certainly know

better than to awaken her out of bed
on a Saturday morning to deliver a
fatal assortment of flowers and
candy!

CONNIE:

(COMFORTING) Eugene --

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EUGENE:

I'm sure *Darren* is a much smarter rival than to make her break out in hives!

CONNIE:

It'll be all right, Eugene.

EUGENE:

Yes, it'll be all right. Katrina will move on with her life and I ... I will return to days filled with loneliness and despair.

CONNIE:

It hasn't been *that* bad.

EUGENE:

Yes, it has. It's over.

CONNIE:

Eugene, listen to me. This doesn't have to be the end. Relationships are ... are dynamic. Anything can happen. Anything can change. You may think you lost her today, but tomorrow could be entirely different.

EUGENE:

You're only saying this to cheer me

up.

CONNIE:

No! I'm serious. Don't give up.

EUGENE:

Thank you. And thank you for your help. I know you did your best on my behalf.

[WHIT ENTERS, BUT ISN'T SEEN BY EITHER OF THEM.]

CONNIE:

That's what friends are for, Eugene.

EUGENE:

I hate for these flowers and candy to go to waste, Connie. Would you honor me by accepting them -- as a mere token of esteem.

CONNIE:

(TOUCHED) Why thank you, Eugene.

[WHIT CLEARS HIS THROAT.]

WHIT:

Excuse me, you two.

CONNIE:

Whit!

EUGENE:

Mr. Whittaker!

WHIT:

I'm sorry to interrupt, but I needed
to get to the kitchen. Excuse me.

EUGENE:

No need to apologize.

CONNIE:

Yeah, we were just -- uh -- talking.

WHIT:

I didn't mean to interrupt. I need
to get some ice cream out of the
freezer, that's all.

EUGENE:

No interruption at all. (GOING)
Perhaps we should resume our work.

WHIT:

But you're not working today,
Eugene.

EUGENE:

Oh -- well, perhaps since I'm here
I'll take a few moments to reprogram
the display that was giving me so
much trouble...

WHIT:

Really, Eugene, you don't need to --
(EUGENE IS GONE) -- uh -- (BEAT)
Hm. Nice flowers, Connie. Eugene
gave those to you?

CONNIE:

Uh huh.

WHIT:

Oh. Uh -- Connie ...

CONNIE:

Yeah, Whit?

WHIT:

I, uh -- (PAUSE) Oh, forget it.
I'll be in the kitchen if you need
me.

CONNIE:

Okay.

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Have fun!

WHIT:

(AS HE GOES) This place gets more
and more confusing all the time.

[THE BELL ABOVE THE DOOR JINGLES AS KATRINA ENTERS.]

KATRINA:

Hello, Connie.

CONNIE:

(COLDLY) Oh, hello, Katrina.

KATRINA:

Is Eugene here?

CONNIE:

He might be.

KATRINA:

Good. I have someone I want him to
meet -- as soon as he gets here.

CONNIE:

How nice.

KATRINA:

Is something wrong?

CONNIE:

Not at all. What could be wrong?
Who do you want Eugene to meet?

KATRINA:

His name is Darren.

CONNIE:

Oh, really. Isn't that a little,
you know, *cruel*?

KATRINA:

Cruel?

CONNIE:

I'm sure you know the meaning of the
word. Or maybe you know the
meaning, but you don't understand
how it feels, huh? Like the word
insensitive. Maybe you should look
that one up.

KATRINA:

Connie, Darren is just a --

CONNIE:

Y'know, maybe Eugene doesn't want to
meet this Darren guy. Maybe it
might *hurt* Eugene to meet him.

KATRINA:

Hurt Eugene?

CONNIE:

Y'know I really liked you when we first met but I'm having a hard time believing that you could do this to Eugene. He deserves better! Deep beneath that intellectual exterior beats the heart of a genuinely nice guy --

KATRINA:

Connie --

CONNIE:

-- and, frankly, I don't care who this Darren guy is because I'm already sure he's a *loser* compared to Eugene --

[THE BELL ABOVE THE DOOR JINGLES AS DARREN ENTERS.]

KATRINA:

Connie --

CONNIE:

-- and you're making a big mistake if you let Eugene slip through your fingers because I *know* Eugene and --

KATRINA:

Connie!

CONNIE:

What?

KATRINA:

I want to introduce you to Darren McGibbs. Darren, meet Connie Kendall.

DARREN:

Hello, Connie. It's a pleasure to meet you.

CONNIE:

Ummm ... yeah. Me, too.

KATRINA:

Darren just moved here from England and his parents asked me to tutor him for awhile -- to help him become acclimated to the United States.

CONNIE:

(EMBARRASSED) Oh. Really.

KATRINA:

Yes, now would you care to explain to me what that tirade was all about?

CONNIE:

Tirade? It was nothing. Lines from a play I'm working on. It's called "The Large Foot Pushed Deep Into The

Mouth."

KATRINA:

Clearly an abstract work.

CONNIE:

Beyond belief. (BEAT) Katrina, why didn't you tell Eugene who Darren was?

KATRINA:

(SHRUGS) He didn't ask.

CONNIE:

(GROWLS TO HERSELF) You two are made for each other. (TO KATRINA) Look, I think there's a big misunderstanding going on. Eugene thinks Darren is your new boyfriend.

DARREN:

Boyfriend?

KATRINA:

Oh no ... (PAUSES, CHUCKLES) That's quite amusing come to think of it.

CONNIE:

Amusing! Eugene's at the end of his rope.

KATRINA:

He's so sweet. Silly sometimes, but
sweet.

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Have fun!

CONNIE:

Yeah, well, I think maybe you should
go upstairs and talk to him.

KATRINA:

Hm. Perhaps *Darren* should ...

[MUSIC BRIDGES US TO ...]

SCENE 9.

[THE BIBLE ROOM AT WHIT'S END. A FEW MINUTES LATER. EUGENE IS
WORKING ON THE DISPLAY AGAIN AS DARREN MCGIBBS APPROACHES HIM.]

DARREN:

Hello. You're Eugene Meltsner,
aren't you?

EUGENE:

I am indeed. May I help you?

DARREN:

Yeah. Y'see, I'm new to this
country. I was told you would know
some students at the college who
might make good tutors.

EUGENE:

Tutors?

DARREN:

Yes. For me. To help me with my

studies.

EUGENE:

I see.

DARREN:

Do you know anyone who can help me?

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EUGENE:

One person comes to mind. Her name
is Katrina.

DARREN:

Katrina.

EUGENE:

Yes. And she's very intelligent and
very kind and, without question or
doubt, I would recommend her
services to you. I'd introduce you
personally, but ... uh ... perhaps
it would be better if I gave you her
phone number.

DARREN:

Thanks, but I already have it. I
know her.

EUGENE:

You know Katrina? I'm not sure I
understand.

DARREN:

My name is Darren McGibbs. I think
Katrina has mentioned my name to
you. She's been tutoring me.

EUGENE:

Darren McG -- (BEAT) Darren? *The*
Darren?

DARREN:

Your *rival*, I think.

EUGENE:

My -- (BEAT, GROANS) Pardon me while
I shrivel into profuse
embarrassment.

KATRINA:

(ENTERING) Eugene?

EUGENE:

An amendment: pardon me while I *die*
of embarrassment.

KATRINA:

Don't die, Eugene. I spoke with
Connie and I understand we're both
the victims of a terrible
misunderstanding. I'm just not sure
how it happened.

EUGENE:

I, for my part, have been operating
under the assumption that you didn't
want to spend time with me because
of your interest in someone else --
namely Darren.

KATRINA:

While I assumed that you knew how

busy I was -- what with studying,
working at the library and tutoring
-- and would understand when I
couldn't see you.

EUGENE:

Which I should have understood but
didn't because I assumed you knew my
true feelings and were responding in
a negative fashion.

KATRINA:

Which explains why Connie rebuked me
the way she did.

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Have fun!

EUGENE:

Did she? Well, obviously, she made assumptions based on my assumptions and gave advice accordingly. Now I realize that I shouldn't have assumed at all and should have worked harder at communicating directly with you.

KATRINA:

Of course *I* shouldn't have assumed that you understood my feelings at all and should have made them much clearer.

DARREN:

Excuse me.

EUGENE & KATRINA:

Yes?

DARREN:

Could the two of you assume that I don't know what you're talking about? Is this one of those American things I need to learn about?

KATRINA:

Perhaps you should write this down.

DARREN:

Go ahead.

KATRINA & EUGENE:

Never assume!

[QUICK CUT TO:]

SCENE 10.

[DOWNSTAIRS. CONNIE IS AT THE COUNTER WITH EUGENE, KATRINA AND DARREN.]

CONNIE:

I'm sure glad we got all that sorted out.

EUGENE:

Yes. It's certainly an important lesson to be learned.

KATRINA:

Consider that your first exam question, Darren.

DARREN:

Don't worry. I'll get it right.

KATRINA:

Good. And I suppose I should take you home now. See you later, Connie. Will you call me later, Eugene?

EUGENE:

Indeed.

KATRINA:

(AS THEY GO) Bye.

DARREN:

(AS THEY GO) Bye. Nice to meet you.

[THEY'RE GONE.]

EUGENE:

(SIGHS CONTENTEDLY) I'm certainly
glad that's taken care of.

CONNIE:

Me, too.

[WHIT ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN, SPEAKING AS HE DOES.]

WHIT:

Connie? (BEAT) Oh, I didn't realize
you were both here.

CONNIE:

Yeah, Whit?

WHIT:

Never mind, we can talk later.

CONNIE:

You can talk to me now. It's okay.
What's up?

WHIT:

I guess it's appropriate since it
involves both of you. But you can
stop me if it's none of my business.

CONNIE:

None of your business? What could
happen around here that wasn't your
business?

WHIT:

I'm not sure. I keep thinking about
it and can't figure out what's
happening.

CONNIE:

What do you mean?

WHIT:

(DELICATELY) Well ... to be honest,
I'm a little concerned about what
sometimes happens when two friends
start to ... uh ... sort of change
their relationship, you know.

CONNIE:

I don't get it. Change their
relationship how?

WHIT:

When two friends become boyfriend
and girlfriend.

CONNIE:

Oh, I know what you're talking
about.

EUGENE:

I take it you're referring to me.
Have no fear, Mr. Whittaker. I
think everything's under control
now.

WHIT:

Is it? I wish I could be so sure.
You see, I've always doubted the
wisdom of two employees getting
involved that way.

CONNIE:

Employees? But Eugene and Katrina
aren't employees.

WHIT:

Eugene and Katrina? I'm talking
about Eugene and *you*. I'd hate to
see either one of you get hurt.

CONNIE:

What?!!?

EUGENE:

Mr. Whittaker! What are you saying?

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Have fun!

WHIT:

It's not what *I* said, but what I
heard you say to Connie in my
office. It was pretty ... romantic.

[CONNIE AND EUGENE BEGIN TO LAUGH]

WHIT:

And then this morning I saw the
candy and flowers. Naturally, I
assumed ...

[CONNIE AND EUGENE ARE IN HYSTERICS NOW.]

WHIT:

What? What did I miss?

[MUSIC TAKES US TO ... THE END.]